

What Happens now?

by Geekycord

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Summary: With Eli gone many feel that there is many things that were unanswered, forgotten, and lost completely with the great man. Alex is going through the 5 stages of death and Gordon stays silent. Rated M for manythings later on, both blood and lust. Freeman x Alyx

1. Chapter 1

I am not the greatest at writing in third person. This story came to me because I just finished a play through of the entire half-life series(Decay not-included) Rated 'M' for reasons later on.

* * *

><p>"No... Don't leave me." Was one of the last things Gordon heard before passing out.<p>

Dog ran off in a rage, most likely going after the advisors. Alyx stayed with her father even after Dr. Kleiner and Dr. Magnusson arrived. They tried to pull her off, but failed. Kleiner got a body bag and placed it next to Eli for when the time came. Dr. Magnusson decided that it was best not to gloat about his rocket any more. He went back to work on scanning for particles left over from the portal. Kleiner stayed by Alyx's side while Gordon was carried off to medical.

"Alyx... I'm sorry..." Kleiner said after a few hours.

"Don't, just don't" Alyx had stopped crying. He had to say something

"If you want to blame anyone-" he was interrupted by her.

"NO" she said.

"Blame me." He placed a hand on her shoulder. "Everyone was watching the rocket and the portal

Dissipating. If we had launched a little later then the sentry's would have seen them..."

"Just leave" Alyx pushed his hand away.

"OK..." He gets up and gets into the Lift. "If you need anything... just ask."

After Kleiner left, Alyx slowly opened the bag and slid her father into it. It started to rain as Alyx picked up her father. She carried Eli out to the car and placed him in the passenger seat. No one said anything, no one did anything. Alyx started the car and she felt a cold mechanical hand placed on her shoulder. Alyx looked up and there was Gordon, he had a bandage wrapped around his head.

She had to do this alone.

"Gordon, I can't-" Gordon grabbed the seat belt that both of them ignored on the way to white forest, and he leaned across Alyx and buckled her up. What she did not see was the GPS tracker that he placed on the back of the seat. He then turned around and left her there. There was a slight limp in his walk, within a few moments Gordon was out of sight. Alyx jammed the car into gear and stomped on the gas. The gate was opened and she flew down the road.

Gordon limped back to the infirmary and he fell to the floor right next to his bed. The nurse hears the crash of the Man in the HEV suit and goes to investigate. She finds Gordon on the floor passed out. The nurse goes to the intercom and turns it on. "I need some help in here, Freeman fell off the bed."

Not even ten minutes had passed since the train ride ended and Gordon was already up the creek without a paddle. He ran down a rooftop and across a few wooden boards to a ledge on a building. He turned the corner and walked along the ledge and got a good footing on to another roof. After being shot at several times he found an open window and he jumped inside. There was not much in the room, a few crates. Gordon started down a set of stairs that collapsed underneath his weight.

He found that he was in a hallway now. He walked to the door on the right only to find Civil protection busting the door down. Gordon turned around to find the same with the other door. Gordon heard a buzzing noise, and then he felt lightheaded, his vision was white. Somewhere in the background he heard a voice. "Over here! Ha! No you don't!"

He heard some punches land and body's thud on the floor. He felt someone place their hand on his chest. As his vision cleared he found himself looking into the eyes of the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Olive green eyes and brown hair with faint red streaks, dark smooth skin. Gordon was at a loss for words. Not that he would have said anything anyway, he was a selective mute. He could not speak to anyone that he cares about. And he had nothing to say to Breen or the Combine, so he chose to say nothing at all.

Gordon woke up to see Kleiner standing over him; he was inspecting a

small GPS device. After a moment he noticed the conscious being below him. "Ah, Gordon, I hoped that you would regain consciousness soon." He pointed to the device. "You had this in your hands when you fell, does it mean anything to you?"

Gordon reached up and pressed one of the buttons and a small moving symbol with two letters appeared on the screen. Kleiner adjusted his glasses and took a closer look. "AVâ€| AVâ€| What does- Alyx Vance! No, please don't go that way! The combine is heading right for you." Gordon pulls the Device away from Kleiner and looked at the screen; all he saw was a blur. He looked for his glasses and he found them on the bedside table. After he got them on he looked back at the screen and saw that Alyx was on an old mountain side road. He knew that area, but he was not sure if Alyx did as well. He stood up and started to make his way to the door.

"Gordon, you can't leave in the state that you are in, a broken femur won't heal properly for at least 3 months. You nee-" He was cut off when Gordon began to jump up and down on one leg, the 'broken' leg. "What about your head trauma?" Gordon pulled off the bandages and Kleiner could see no marks on his head. "Very well, there is something I had the garage whip up while you were out of it. Come with me." Kleiner left the room and Gordon Straped the device to his leg and promptly followed.

Nothing happened on the walk to the garage, everything was going normaly as it could. And that was hard with Eli gone.

"Have you heared what happened to Alyx?" Someone who was sitting by a fire barrel.

"Someone said that she drove off into the night." his friend.

"Thats what I heard as well."

Gordon and Kleiner walked into the garage. There was something covered by a tarp, a few men that were standing around looked at each other. Kleiner did not look at anybody, he just nodded. one of the men lifted the tarp and gave a sharp tug. As the trap fell, the smile on Gordons face rose.

"Well Gordon, what do you think?" Kleiner asks. Gordon resonded with a simple nod.

2. Chapter 2

Sorry for the short chapter, I had to post something for this Fiction. Please R&R

* * *

><p>Alex finished moving the pile of dirt over the grave. Her eyes were filled with tears as she did so. After she she placed the shovel on the ground, she took off her necklace and placed it on the makeshift cross that she lashed together from two sticks. She said her good byes and then she looked over the cliff to the endless ocean. It was foggy out, and only the pounding of the waves mixed with the pounding of her heart. She walked over to the old house with moth eaten drapes, broken windows and bullet holes filling the door

that would collapse under its own weight at any moment. It was her old home, Eli brought them there when ever there was time, just to get away from Black mesa. She walked in the door and over to a book case. There were many books taking the top shelf and a few lower ones, but in the middle was a array of things, ranging from horse shoes to snow globes. Alex picked up a wooden box and opened it, a figurine sprang up and spun a quarter turn and stopped. Alex reached under the box and gave the small key a few twists, the figurine started to twirl again and a simple melody started to play from the music box.<p>

~X~

Miles away, Gordon dogged one last rocket and let loose one of his one from the helicopter he was flying, his neural HUD flashed that he was injured. He had felt his arm move from something earlier, but he felt no pain because his suit had a morphine drip constantly running. He pulled away from the combine, he was only fighting as a delay tactic, keeping them away from Alex as long as possible. If they got to her now, she might not even put up a fight. He feared that she might just give up and let them kill her... or worse. He pushed the machine to its newly found limits and turned into the direction of the tracker in the car. He was smelling the salty air of the sea within minutes. He spotted the cars headlights that were left on carelessly through the fog, as he approached the car, he noticed a house with a freshly dug grave in the garden. He landed and stopped the rotors, but kept the engine running in case they needed to make a quick get away.

Gordon grabbed his rifle and ran over to the car, Alex's gun was sitting on the floor of the driver's side, he checked the magazine and found that it was full, he carried it with him to the house. Inside he found Alex sitting cross-legged on the floor holding a music box in her hands. She must have not heard him or was just ignoring everything else.

He walked over and kneeled down next to her, Alex looked away from the music box to look at Gordon.

"Ever heard this song before Gordon...?" She asked him as she held the box up for him to see.

Gordon just now heard the melody coming from the box for the first time he entered the house, it sounded familiar to him, but he could not place it. The only thing he could think of when he heard it was gold.

Gordon quickly dismissed it, he had to get Alex to safety. He handed her, her gun. She just looked at it and then back to Gordon. "Whats the point? With my father gone, nobody can lead the forces."

Gordon opened his mouth and tried to speak, he really did. But nothing came out. So he grabbed Alex's arm and pulled her outside to the grave of Eli, he saw the locket and without pausing, he let go of Alex and picked up the locket, he opened it and found a photo of Alex as a kid with her father and mother holding her above them. In the back ground was a park with a dog mid-air catching a Frisbee. Some people sitting around a picnic table.

He showed the photo to Alex, pointing to her parents. and without

speaking in words, his message got across.

"If I don't fight for freedom... I should fight for them?" She slowly asked.

Gordon nodded and then ran over to the car and pulled the tracker off the seat and then tossed it over the cliff and into the ocean. He then pulled a winch from his helicopter and hooked up the car. Cars are hard to come by nowadays, so he would try to save this one. He led Alex to the helicopter and had her sit in the gunner's seat and had the headphones on. She was still staring at the locket when he took off.

After a while, he remembered his arm and grabbed a health kit from a compartment under the seat. He spread the goo over his wound and felt the stinging as the goo did its thing regenerating his flesh. He was flying in the direction of the base, and he knew he would have to do something other than just trying to convince her that all was not lost.

He sighed and felt his throat tighten up. Alex looked up from her locket and turned on her microphone -Did you just say something?- She asked over the comm system. Gordon was kinda shocked that he would say anything. So he just shook his head.

-OK... just thought I heard someone say the word cake... guess not-

3. Chapter 3

Long time no see, this is a very short chapter. Writing is really just a thing I do to pass some time before work (Example: Right now at 10 PM EST), I am working with a friend on another Halo fiction, but its still going to be a few more months before that gets off the ground. So dont expect constant updates for every story, but expect them to be detail rich... Unlike this one, Sorry. Please R&R.

* * *

><p>Alex was sitting down on her bunk with a pillow between her chest and her arms, she had not slept in the past 48 hours and it was beginning to take its toll on her body. But she refused to sleep, ignoring the pills that the doctor had given her to help her drift off into a nice dream state... but all it did for her was to bring up the nightmares. She had had a few dreams about her mother when she was younger, mostly during the time when the young girl died inside and the bad ass warrior that she is now came to life.<p>

She smiled at that last thought. She fumbled with her gloves and took them off, reviling the bracelet beneath, more relics from the past. Her Friend had made it, it was three wires in a braid with a dot of solder at the points where they had met, Alex had remade it several times, twice from close calls with bullets, and 3 re sizes. Her friend from her childhood had spent two days making it because she was so stubborn that any defect was a reason to try again. Alex remembered a lot of fun times with her, just not a lot of talking.

She decided to lay down again and try and get some more sleep. She

pulled the blanket over her body and closed her eyes. Drifting off she started to hear voices of her dream.

~X~

Gordon was coming from the kitchen covered in various ingredients. He was carrying a cake, it's something that he had made and was proud of it. It was one of the few things that he knew how to make during his college years when there was not that much money for going out for food.

He turned down the hallway to Alex's room only to find g-man was standing there adjusting his tie with his briefcase at his side.

"Ah, Mister Freeman. My employers wish to speak with you personally... you should be honored." He took notice of the cake. "Well we all have something that we... enjoy." He brought up his briefcase and started to mess with the lock. At that moment a group of Vortigaunts came around the corner at the far end of the hallway.

"The free-man shall remain free from your clutch" The Vortigaunts said in unison before flinging a collective bolt at him.

Gordon was unharmed during the process as was the cake. The G-man faded out before he could say another word. The Vortigaunts walked over to him.

One put his hand on Gordon's shoulder "His employers may have good intentions, but the man they use will lose the good in themselves." Gordon looked at the Vortigaunts eye with a look of indifference. The Vortigaunt nodded and they walked off. Gordon walked to Alex's room and carefully opened it.

Alex was asleep on her cot with her back to the room. He walked over to the table in the center and sat the cake down. He decided that it was best not to wake her up from her slumber, so he left.

~X~

The next morning Alex woke up and shot upright, after a moment she realized where she was. White forest base... With a black forest cake sitting on her table.

4. Chapter 4

Two in a month... huh, I guess the creative juices are flowing.

* * *

><p>~X~ The next week<p>

Alex gave Kleiner a hug as DOG crawled into the helicopter, Gordon was flipping the various switches and the engine started to wind up. The helicopter had been rolled out of the hanger into the courtyard and was fitted with a special air intake that split water in the air into hydrogen and oxygen for fuel for the jet engines powering the helicopter.

"Radio us every hour till you get out of range" Kleiner said as he gave a gentle squeeze.

"Will do" Alex said. The blades on the helicopter started to spin. Alex looked over at the cockpit to see Gordon give a thumbs up and a slight nod. "Take care doc." Alex climbed into the back and shut the sliding door. DOG gave her a nudge and let out a small whine. She rubbed his head and reassured him. "I know you hate flying, just go into sleep mode and we will wake you when we need you. OK boy?"

Dog nodded and tucked his head in and shut down for a while. Alex climbed into the copilots seat and put a pair of head phones on. Gordon tapped her shoulder and then tapped his headphones then made a talking movement with his hand. Alex nodded and tried her headphones to make sure that Gordon could hear her. He nodded when he heard her voice come through.

Gordon increased the throttle and let the blades get up to speed. He pulled the collective lever up about half way, and then a little more to start the ascend. After the craft had climbed to about 150 meters off the ground, Gordon tilted the helicopter forward. After a moment or two they had a sufficient speed. Gordon banked and turned the helicopter around.

"Where are we going?" Alex asked over the head set.

~x~ Magnussons office.

Magnusson walked into his office and noticed that it had warmed up considerably with the computers working over time trying to catch up on 20 years of work from the satellite network. He grumbled something about blaming one of the resistance members not fixing the AC unit.

He walked over to the windows on the wall and opened a few of them. He then proceeded to open the rafters to create a draft from the warm air rising, pulling in the cool outside air to the computers. After doing so, Magnusson sat down at his desk to do paper work he had failed to do during the past few days with everything going on.

About 30 minutes later, after he had gotten everything organized into its place. He had just started on the paper work when he heard the helicopter starting up.

After a few moments the helicopter took off and the drone added off into the distance. Happy to have the annoyance gone Magnusson finished another paper and set it onto the growing pile of completed work.

Out of nowhere the helicopter was over his labs and was pushing air into his labs throwing all his paper work up into the air and out the only way it could, through the window.

"Curse you Freeman!" He shouted shaking his fist at the helicopter as it pulled away.

~x~ A few hundred Miles away from Magnusson

It had been a few hours and Gordon was starting to get a bit hungry. He reached behind his seat to the pouch where he had stashed a few apples earlier. Alex had fallen asleep about an hour back after she had checked in with base, Gordon grabbed two apples and bit into one and carefully placed the other one in her lap. The flight was going smoothly so far, but the monitoring system on the new intake and converter was warming up and was about 45 minutes away from overheating. Meaning that the chopper would be using regular fuel soon, with it being so scarce nowadays Gordon started to look for a good area to land.

They were passing over a field with golden wheat from what Gordon could tell. 'Better now than later' Gordon thought, he pulled back on the stick a little to start slowing down. Once the helicopter was level, he pulled back a little more and dropped the collective to start the decent. Alex started to mumble something but Gordon ignored it to concentrate on landing. He had only done this once before with a much lighter craft.

After a somewhat soft landing he reached up and shut down the engines and turned off the converter. Alex stretched in her seat and yawned. "Why have we stopped?" She asked putting the apple onto the dash. Gordon pointed at the temperature gauge on the monitor. She nodded and took off the harness holding her to her seat, Gordon did the same. They climbed out of the helicopter and Gordon leaned against the hull.

He pulled the GPS device off of his thigh magnetic holder and turned it on to see where they were. He knew they were going the right direction, but wanted to make sure he did not stray out off the path he had plotted out for them. After letting the device sync up to the sats, he noticed that he had gone off by a few miles, but it was nothing to worry about.

What happened next did worry him, it was strange. The device showed an error in the system, it was picking up a beacon. He opened the message showing details about the beacon. He did a double take, it was encoded to him, with an encryption that he had made back in college with a class mate that went to a different research company.

He zeroed in to the beacon and found it was only 20 minutes away by foot. He pulled a side arm from the helicopter and tapped Alex on the shoulder, She was laying on the ground enjoying the sun. "What is it Gordon?" She asked opening one eye.

He held the device over her to read. It was showing the beacon and the details.

-Transmission=LOCATION

-Address=G_FREEMAN

-Direction=SSW_800M

Gordon pointed in the direction and started to jog that way, Alex got up and followed. They fought their way through the tall grass that was not pushed down from the helicopters downdraft. Gordon had no idea if it was who he thought it was or if it was just a trick by

someone else. They saw a small shed in the distance, where the beacon was coming from.

He pulled his side arm out and made sure that it was loaded. getting closer, he could make out that the shed had a small clearing right in front of it. They were approaching it from the backside. He stopped jogging and used his hand to tell Alex to get low, they made their way to the shed in a crouch and got to the back. He inched his way to the side and peaked around the corner. There was a rumbling sound coming from the shed.

The door opened and there was a loud thud followed by the door slamming shut. He popped around the corner with the gun raised and ready to fire. Alex right by his side doing the same. They stared at a woman standing next to a cube on the ground for a second.

The woman with brown hair and a orange jumpsuit tied around her waist, revealing a sleeveless shirt with a faded aperture logo on the chest.

"Michelle?" Alex ask.

End
file.